When I kissed Derrida on the lips

i.

a diaspora of words into syllables, letters,
   lines. The dead conceive the living
   the homeless build our homes
   the rich construct our ghettos
   the wordless craft our poems.
Borders shudder and close their eyes.

An English rain laced with metaphysics
cries over history. They hunted
for metaphors with guns full of Christ.
Carved clouds into maps, memories
into categories, flesh into nation states.

I carry three countries in my heart. My etymology
   roves the Ganges, rice fields, rippled ponds
   back to Herodotus' first quill scratch
   against parchment. A trace of a trace of Yemen's stars
on my face. An Arabic moon gleams.

ii.

We wander Histories haunt our cities past twilight's
   rotting plum. A fruit seller displays Moroccan dates, mandarin oranges;
in his subaltern eyes Cimmerian secrets simmer. Grief-fucked prostitutes
   declare sarcastic love for white men with too many names. Star-crossed
   mothers birth worlds outside of bars where we drink shot
   after shot of liquid fire until emotional droughts seduce us to saunter
   out of open windows and lick the last drops from the night's goblets puddled
   on the sidewalk.

Before pronouns dissolve: I, you, we, vous. (Y)our bodies divine.
An Indigenous snow crumbles: a story in each flake on the banks
of ice. The sun shivers.